

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1901.

NUMBER 20

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## THE GOOD MAN.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
United unto the worldly care  
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth love and early pray,  
More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

This man is free from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Wotton

## SANGEROT'S FIDDLE ME-MORY.

Mme. Vermandois and her pretty daughter, Clotilde, had just seated themselves before their embroidery frames in the bright, cozy little morning room overlooking the garden when M. Sangerot entered the room like a rushing wind—not unusual for Sangerot, as he was always in a hurry, though, frankly speaking, he was a gentleman of elegant leisure and had absolutely nothing to occupy him except the agreeable task of collecting his dividends. But he had a mania of creating for himself a multitude of fictitious obligations, which never left him free for a moment. He breakfasted hurriedly, he dined hurriedly, and whenever his acquaintances accosted him on the street, they were invariably greeted by the stereotyped phrase, "I'm sorry, my dear friend, but I can't stop; haven't the time."

This harmless eccentricity, however, would not have caused the slightest inconvenience to anyone, had not this needless restlessness produced in the otherwise excellent and well meaning Sangerot frequent lapses of memory, particularly in regard to names and addresses, which he seemed to forget almost as soon as they were given and which, in his perpetual hurry, he did not take time to note in his memorandum book.

"Ah, what happy chance brings you here to-day, my dear Hector?" said the amiable Mme. Vermandois, as she looked up from her embroidery and greeted her brother-in-law.

"It is not chance that brings me here, my dear Hortense," breathlessly exclaimed Sangerot, "but an affair of the first importance—which I shall tell you in two parts."

"Sit down, at least," said Mme. Vermandois, pushing a chair toward him.

"Haven't the time, my dear; haven't the time," said Sangerot, taking his stand near the mantelpiece. "Here it is nearly two o'clock," he added, glancing hurriedly at his watch, "and by half past I should be at the auction rooms, where the furniture of a certain Comtesse de Verteuvre is to be sold. I understand that she has a rare collection of curios and bric-a-brac and odd little knickknacks, picked up in her many travels, and I wouldn't miss the auction for the world—not for the world, my dear Clotilde!"

"Are you going to buy anything, dear Hector?" quizzically inquired Mme. Vermandois.

"Buy? Not the slightest idea of purchasing anything," hurriedly answered Sangerot, "but I must be there for a very important reason, which it would take me too long now to explain. Ah, my little Clotilde," continued the effervescent Sangerot, addressing his niece, "is not this the hour for your water color lesson?"

"Which means, my dear uncle," said Clotilde, rising from her chair, "that I am to drop for the mysterious affair which you have to communicate to mamma." Then, looking at M. Sangerot with her extremely pretty eyes, full of roguish witchery, she asked if the important affair were a blond or brunette with a mustache or beard, and coquettishly intimated that she preferred mustaches only, and very dark ones. And with a light musical laugh Mlle. Clotilde

hurried from the room, quite convinced that her uncle was about to propose a candidate for her hand—and not in the least frightened at the prospect of matrimony.

"The cunning little fox!" exclaimed Sangerot to Mme. Vermandois, as soon as the door had closed after his pretty niece. "She has actually defined the object of my visit! Well, I'm glad to know that the proposition is agreeable. This saves time and avoids the necessity of a long preamble. Yes, indeed, my good Hortense," hurriedly added Sangerot, "I've found the right man for Clotilde—a marvelous opportunity! How did I find him? Purely by the merest chance, which I shall explain to you another day, when I am more at leisure. He is a charming young fellow, dignified, grave, of excellent standing; a clever lawyer with a promising future, 28 years old, with 150,000 francs in his own right and as many more to come from a good old aunt, who is paralyzed and loves him as an own son. I spoke to him of Clotilde. He found the conditions satisfactory and desired an interview, which I am here to arrange. Write him to come here and see you. Find some pretext, for I haven't the time to invent one. I know that he will respond as soon as the invitation is given. If he pleases you, I can arrange the affair very simply and very quickly. As to myself, my dear Hortense, you know that I am always at your service—that is, as far as my occupations permit."

Mme. Vermandois listened with an amused smile to her brother-in-law's proposition, and took advantage of a slight pause to inquire if he really meant that she was to invite the proposed suitor to her house without even the formality of a previous introduction.

"To be sure, to be sure," hastily replied Sangerot. "It will be time gained."

"But, my dear Hector, you do not stop to reflect," protested Mme. Vermandois, a little excitedly. "Would it not be more conventional to arrange for Clotilde and myself to meet the young man at some soiree or entertainment and follow the introduction by an invitation to call?"

"But have I the time, my good woman," hotly argued Hector Sangerot, bristling with indignation, "to go gallivanting about with you and Clotilde to soirees and balls, I who am rushed, crushed and overwhelmed with a multitude of affairs, which leave me absolutely not one minute for myself?" And with an injured air Sangerot paused for a second and looked at his sister-in-law, and as she remained silent he hurriedly continued: "Take my advice, and don't let the opportunity slip. It is the chance of a lifetime. Catch the bird while you can. Write to him! Look about you for a pretext. The whole affair is so simple, and women are geniuses where excuses are concerned. I must go now, for it is ten minutes past 3, and I shall never reach the auction rooms, Rue Druot, by half past."

"But, another question, dear Hector," said Mme. Vermandois, detaining her brother-in-law by the lapel of his coat. "What are the young man's name and address?"

"Ah, to be sure!" exclaimed Sangerot. "I certainly forgot that detail, but how can I be expected to remember everything, with so many important duties to think of? His name is—ah, just let me think of a moment, Hortense. Yes, I'm sure his last name is Dupen, and his first is either Georges, Charles or Jules."

"It is very important, my dear Hector," said Mme. Vermandois, laughing. "To have the first name, for there are doubtless hundreds of Dupens in Paris, and there is certainly a wide difference between Charles, Jules and Georges."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear. Well, let me think. Ah, yes; I have it now. His name is Jules Dupen. I am quite positive of this, and his address is 123—yes, I am positive it is 123—or—oh, I can't for the life of me think of the name of the street." And he despairingly turned to his sister-in-law. Help me, my dear Hortense, help me! But Mme. Vermandois pleaded her inability to do so.

"Ah, at last I have it!" joyfully

exclaimed Sangerot. "It isn't a street at all; it's a boulevard, and there's a saint's name mixed up with it. Let me think. Is it St. Martin, St. Denis, St. Marcel or St. Michel? Ah, at last!" cried Sangerot triumphantly. "It is Boulevard St. Michel, 123, and the young man's name is Jules Dupen."

Mme. Vermandois gave a sigh of relief. "Write to him at once," said Sangerot, "and goodbye, or I shall never reach the auction in time for the sale." And with a frantic wave of his hand, he rushed from the room.

As soon as her brother-in-law had disappeared Mme. Vermandois, who possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, threw herself into the armchair and burst into a hearty laugh, for the counsel given her was so delightfully unconventional. A widow of many years' standing, she had led a quiet life, going out but little. Naturally she desired to marry her daughter off, and Mlle. Clotilde herself was not averse to matrimony. But her opportunities to appear at fashionable functions had been few and far between, hence Mme. Vermandois debated long whether it would be wise to allow such a desirable offer as her brother-in-law presented to slip by, for notwithstanding Sangerot's eccentricities, she had great confidence in his judgment, particularly in the selection of an eligible husband.

So, the next day the anxious widow sent by the morning post the following missive, which she addressed to "M. Jules Dupen, 123 Boulevard St. Michel, Paris:" "Mme. Vermandois would be extremely grateful to M. Jules Dupen if he would kindly call on her at 142 Bonaparte Street, on important business, any time from 3 to 6."

Having read and reread the note, she decided that as M. Dupen was a lawyer she would talk to him about her many lawsuits with her husband's relatives. This subject at least, she thought, would afford a happy opportunity of coming to the real business.

M. Jules Dupen, the noted painter and laureate of the School of Fine Arts, residing at 123 Boulevard St. Michel, was greatly surprised, but highly delighted, to receive the pressing invitation to call upon Mme. Vermandois at 142 Bonaparte Street. "Vermandois, Vermandois?" he repeated to himself, as he threw the note on his writing table. "I really do not think that I ever met any one of that name. However, I shall certainly call, for Jules Dupen was never known to miss a rendezvous with a lady! She has evidently heard of my fame as a painter and no doubt desires to give me an order for a picture."

The next day, after having dressed himself most carefully for the occasion, M. Dupen called at the hour named by Mme. Vermandois. For the time being Mlle. Clotilde had been provisionally stowed away, but this did not prevent her mother from feeling terribly embarrassed as to the proper way of opening the interview. It must also be admitted that Dupen, though a man of the world and thoroughly accustomed to society, felt equally ill at ease.

Finally Mme. Vermandois began the conversation by asking a thousand pardons of M. Dupen for her indiscretion and disregard of the conventionalities in inviting him to call, and ended by assuring him that her brother-in-law, Hector Sangerot, was the real culprit, who had advised to write the note.

For a minute the artist looked puzzled, for he had never before heard of Sangerot; but quickly recovering his self possession, he said gayly: "Ah, and so it was Sangerot who—And how is this dear, delightful Sangerot?"

"Very well, indeed, thanks, monsieur," replied Mme. Vermandois, with one of her most gracious smiles; "but, as usual, always in a hurry. Of course, you understand, it is a little way of his. All his friends do."

"Yes, yes, I understand perfectly, madame," answered the artist, who understood nothing at all; but, seeing his hostess smile, he burst into a loud, hearty laugh.

"Well," thought Mme. Vermandois, as she listened to Dupen's peal of laughter, "Hector told me that

he was a very serious, grave young man; on the contrary, he is quite gay." Then, continuing her conversation, Mme. Vermandois ventured: "I want your advice. My brother-in-law suggested—"

"Your brother-in-law?" exclaimed Dupen, thoroughly amazed.

"To be sure," replied Mme. Vermandois, somewhat surprised at the artist, quizzical expression.

"Ah, Sangerot! Your brother-in-law! Yes, yes, I understand perfectly."

"A poor widow, M. Dupen, frequently stands in need of counsel."

"Then you are a widow, madame?"

"Why, certainly. Didn't Sangerot tell you? Perhaps he hadn't time."

"No, I must confess," said Jules Dupen, bowing profoundly, "that our friend Sangerot entirely neglected this detail—quite unimportant, however, I suppose, and in no wise connected with the business I have been called upon to treat."

"Precisely the contrary, sir," said Mme. Vermandois, "for it was only after my widowhood that my troubles began. My husband's father possessed a magnificent art gallery."

"Ah here we are at last!" thought the artist.

"The paintings had not yet been distributed among the heirs when my dear, darling husband died, and now his relatives are questioning my rights."

"It is positively shocking, madame," exclaimed the artist sympathetically, but thinking of himself: "What in the devil does she expect me to do about it?"

"They merely consented," continued the widow, in doleful tones befitting the occasion, "to allow me to have a Gruze, a Fragonard and a series of sketches by David."

"But those are real treasures, madame!" replied Dupen enthusiastically.

"Then you really think, monsieur?" inquired Mme. Vermandois. Jules Dupen was perhaps just on the point of saying what he really did think, when Clotilde, in a crisp, pink organdie gown and looking as fresh and pretty as a spray of eglantine, entered the drawing room.

"Sapriste!" said the artist to himself. "Behold a Gruze, a living one and far more beautiful than anything the master ever painted!" The arrival of the young girl interrupted the conversation for a few moments, but Dupen was too much at home to allow the subject to drop and adroitly brought the conversation back to art and paintings. Mme. Vermandois listened attentively, entranced by his eloquence. Sangerot was certainly right, the young man was perfect and would assuredly make his mark in the world. Clotilde appeared equally fascinated, and when she displayed her water colors the artist enthused over her "masterpieces."

"You have real talent, mademoiselle," declared Dupen, and he began to explain in technical terms the particular niceties of Clotilde's brush.

"Then you also paint, monsieur?" cooly asked Clotilde.

"A little," said Dupen, though inwardly amazed that she had not heard of his fame.

"Ah, how delightful!" exclaimed Clotilde, who understood perfectly the object of the stranger's visit and who was already captivated by his dark mustache.

The interview was now at an end, and Mme. Vermandois gracefully extended her hand and invited the artist to call again. Jules Dupen had understood absolutely nothing and was still puzzled to know why he had been requested to call. One thing, however, was quite clear, he had received a second invitation, and as the visit would afford him the opportunity of studying the living Gruze, which at that moment he was devouring with his eyes, he hastened to reply: "With the greatest pleasure, madame. But when will you permit me to come again?"

"Whenever you please," cordially replied his hostess; "for we shall always be glad to see you."

"Call again to-morrow," ventured Clotilde, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

Fifteen days later Sangerot, during one of his flying journeys through Paris, happened to stumble over M. Jules Dupen, lawyer, who, strange to say, gave him a very cold reception, and remarked reproachfully, "Well, I'm still waiting."

"Waiting? Waiting for what?" inquired the innocent Sangerot, his honest face wreathed in smiles.

"For the letter from Mme. Vermandois," curtly answered the lawyer.

"Now, look here, my dear friend, do not joke with me, for I have heard all about your daily visits to my sister-in-law's house, that my niece is desperately in love with you, and that on Tuesday next a dinner will be given, when the engagement will be formally announced. Unfortunately, I have been so much occupied of late that I have not been able to be present during any of your visits. But I shall make an effort to be there on Tuesday, if I can find time."

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, with dignified reserve, "I assure you that I have never put my foot in your sister-in-law's house."

"What!" cried Sangerot. "Can it be possible that I made a mistake and gave the wrong address? By the way, Dupen, where do you live?"

"One hundred and twenty-three Boulevard St. Germain."

"Another sad mistake of my overburdened brain. I ask a thousand pardons, my friend. But, really, I haven't time to stop another minute. We'll talk over this little affair some other day." And with this Sangerot hurried off in the direction of the Rue Bonaparte, where his sister-in-law assured him that the mistake had long ago been explained and that the parties concerned were entirely satisfied.

In the cozy little morning room Sangerot found Jules Dupen of 123 Boulevard St. Michel talking with his fiancée. Sangerot cordially extended his hand, while Mme. Vermandois, possibly overcome with joy at the approaching marriage of her daughter, assured her brother-in-law that this time his thoughtlessness would be entirely overlooked.

"Indeed, yes," coquettishly added Mlle. Clotilde, glancing cooly at her artist lover.

"Well, after all," concluded M. Sangerot, "Clotilde will still be Mme. Jules Dupen. And, as to the other fellow, well, I'll look about and try to find him another fiancée."—Adapted From the French for Argonaut.

## Deaf-Mutes Wedded By a Deaf-Mute Clergyman

Silently, but none the less joyfully, the marriage of Mrs. Sarah C. Marsh and Mr. George Woolmington was celebrated last night at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sarah Osborne, No. 166 Princeton Street. Both the bride and groom are deaf-mutes, and the ceremony was performed by a deaf-mute clergyman, Rev. A. W. Mann, who is an Episcopal missionary to deaf-mutes. The solemn words which pronounced the couple to be husband and wife were delivered in the sign language, and the responses were also made in the same manner.

The bride, looking very beautiful in a blue organdie gown, was attended by Miss Maud McClintock as bridesmaid. Preceding her came Master Carroll Osborne, bearing the wedding ring, and Miss Marie Selbach, carrying the bride's bouquet. Congratulations extended to the bridal party were none the less hearty because they were unspoken. After the ceremony the guests, many of them deaf-mutes, crowded around Mr. Woolmington, and with flying fingers and sparkling eyes tendered their best wishes and congratulations. This is the bride's second matrimonial venture, her first husband having met his death some years ago in a railroad accident. He also was a deaf-mute.

Mr. and Mrs. Woolmington will reside near Mentor, where the groom owns a large farm. The bride, who is handsome, is a graduate of the school for Deaf-Mutes at Romney, W. Va. her husband received his education at an English school before his arrival in this country.—Cleveland Leader.

## How a Deaf-Mute Plays Ball.

HOY GIVE HIS EXPERIENCE.

"Keep your eye on the ball all the time." That is the advice I would give a mute ball player. When I first learned to play baseball while attending school at Columbus, I had no idea of becoming a professional, and had any one told me that I would devote most of my active life to the game, I should have smiled and deemed it a foolish thought. Now that I have been in the game for fifteen years, it seems the most natural thing in the world, and the oft-repeated queries of "How did you happen to enter the game?" and "Do you find deafness much of a handicap?" do not seem strange only because I answer them so often.

To such readers as care to know I will tell how I came to take up the profession. I liked the game at school, and was considered one of the best players on the team. I may be pardoned if I say it was a good team, too, for one always thinks his first team was one of the best that ever existed. After being graduated from Columbus, I went to work in a shoeshop at my native town of Houghton, Ohio. In a year or so I bought out the proprietor and was the full-fledged owner of a country town "shoe emporium." In the dull season of July and August, when half of the farming population yielded to convenience and economy by going barefoot, I played around with country clubs.

Naturally as a young man I soon had the idea I could play baseball, and with youthful enthusiasm decided it would pay better than making shoes. Accordingly I left my shop in charge of others and applied to Ted Sullivan, who was manager of the Milwaukee Club, for a berth. He was willing to give me a trial, but offered less money than I thought I was worth. I do not blame Ted at all, for I was an untried youngster, and he subsequently proved his friendship by getting me a situation at Washington.

After failing to land at Milwaukee I went to Oshkosh, where a club backed by Senator Sawyer was being formed to play in the Northwestern League. I was paid the salary asked and our team was second its first season and won the championship in 1887. Since then I have played ball continuously as center fielder as follows:

1888-87—Oshkosh, Northwestern League.	1888-89-93-95—Washington, National League.
1890—Buffalo, Players' League.	1891—St. Louis, American Association (under Comiskey).
1894-97—Cincinnati, National League.	1898-99—Louisville, National League.
1901-01—Chicago, American League.	

While at school I played catcher and third base as well as outfielder, but in the professional game I have always been in center field, because my deafness is less of a handicap there than it would be as an infielder. By experience I have learned by using my eyes and judgment to overcome the loss of hearing, which befell me as the result of brain fever when 5 years old.

There are three departments in baseball to be considered—batting, base running and fielding, not to mention "baseball sense," as it is called, or the instinct without which one cannot be a successful player.

In batting there is really little handicap for a mute. I can see the ball as well as others, and my team mates tell me whether a ball or strike is called by using the left fingers for balls and the right fingers for strikes. I am called a "waiter," which means that I try a great deal to get a base on balls. I think perhaps the fact that I have to depend so much on my eyes helps me in judging what the umpire will call a strike, and if the ball delivered is a little off I wait for four bad ones.

In base running the signals of the hit and run game and other stratagems are mostly silent, the same as for the other players. By a further system of signs my team mates keep me posted on how many are out and what is going on around me. Similarly they do all they can to help me and make it pleasant for me both on and off the field. Because I cannot hear the coaching I have acquired the habit of running with my neck twisted to watch the progress of

the ball. I think most players depend too much on the coaches, and often a man is coached along too far or not far enough, when if he knew where the ball was himself he would know what chances were best for him to take.

In judging fly balls I depend on sight alone, and must keep my eye constantly on the batsman to watch for a possible fly, since I cannot hear the crack of the bat. This alertness I think helps me in other departments of the game. So it may be seen the handicaps of a deaf ball player are minimized.

I am a right-handed thrower and a left-handed batter. I have always batted left-handed, but did not learn the trick to bring me nearer first base. I was brought up on a farm, and when a boy always chopped wood from the left side. That made me a left-handed hitter.

Although there are ball teams at all the deaf and dumb school in the country, comparatively few players drift into the professional ranks. New York has a mute pitcher named Taylor, and I believe there is a first baseman in the New York State League team, but those are the only other professional players I know. The Jacksonville school in this State has a good team and the four schools of York State there are twelve clubs. In 1889 the Columbus school had a mute team which traveled over the country and won two-thirds of its games.

If I may be said to have a hobby in connection with baseball it is the subject of food. My home is in Cincinnati, but when I am playing in another city, as here, I always stop at a good hotel or boarding-house where the food is good and wholesome, so as to keep my stomach in proper condition. Unless your stomach is all right you cannot see as well or clearly and your batting falls off in consequence.

My wife and I always room on the ground or first floor, because in case of fire we would not be able to hear the alarm. She, too, is deaf, but speaks plainly and is considered one of the most expert lip readers in the country. She attends many of the games when I play.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Five Hundred Dollars for a Hat.

The pride of the Mexican is in his hat, or his sombrero, as he calls it. No matter how poor the rest of his attire may be, he spares no expense for his head-covering, and will toil day and night until he has saved money enough to purchase an appalling sugar-loaf, widebrim, heavily corded hat. A shabbily dressed Mexican wearing a hat that cost not less than fifty dollars is not an uncommon sight.

According to a hat-seller just returned from Mexico, the main reason why the Mexican devotes so much attention and money to his hat, is because it has become the symbol of his standing in the community. The grandees of Spain had the privilege of standing in the presence of their sovereign with their hats on, and naturally they vied with one another in the size and gorgeousness of their hats. The populace followed this example as best it could, and so the hat became as distinctive on the heads of the men as the mantilla over the heads of the women.

At one time the Mexican placed his hat and his horse above all other worldly possessions, spending five hundred dollars for a hat, gold-trimmed and embroidered, and as much more for his silver-trimmed saddle and bridle. Mexicans of the higher class have abandoned the conical shaped hat for city wear, as they have accepted our style of clothing; but every Mexican gentleman still has native costume of spangles and glitter, with hat to match, which he wears as he may think occasion demands.—Youths Companion.

The only crematory in Scotland is in Glasgow. It was built nine years ago, and since then only seventy-five bodies have been cremated in it.

Don't stop to ask the devil's pardon if you tread on his toes; do it again.



Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MAY 16, 1901.

F. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Spectacles sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

IRELAND.

From the *Kilkenny Journal*.

Away in the lonely marshes of Essex, in the straggling village of Rippleside, about three miles from Barking, stands Starling's Hall Farm, the residence of Mr. Joslin, a market gardener. It is the scene of a romance such as would not disgrace the annals of fiction.

Last summer a deaf and dumb man, entirely destitute, but in no way resembling the orthodox tramp came to Mr. Joslin's farm, and by means of mimicking the processes of digging and hoeing intimated that he wanted work. In his helpless condition Mr. Joslin took pity on him, and gave him board, lodging, and pocket-money in return for odd jobbing about the farm. He was locally nick-named "Dummy," and became generally liked.

Last September a gun was accidentally fired off close to him, and the shock partially restored his hearing, but not enough to enable him to hear ordinary conversation. He was also able to make sounds, but not with any degree of articulation. About a week ago he rushed into the house, dancing with joy, and to the amazement of Mrs. Joslin and her son, commenced talking in a foreign tongue, interspersed with sentences of broken English.

A *Daily Mail* representative interviewed the man on Wednesday, but he had not enough knowledge of English to give a connected account of himself. On being interrogated in French, however, an expansive smile lit up his face, and he unfolded a most remarkable tale.

His name is Jean Matfrulin, his father was French and his mother English. He was born in Jersey. His parents were in a good position, but owing to their falling on evil times he had to go to sea while still in his teens.

Fourteen years ago he was a seaman on the *Philippe L'Fondelle*, a vessel which was wrecked off the coast of Asia. He was on the fore-top and fell on to a mass of floating wreckage. His head is terribly scarred in consequence. He managed to climb on to the top of the wreckage, and became unconscious. He was eventually washed ashore and cared for by natives, and on recovering his senses he found he had entirely lost his speech and hearing. Subsequently he reached a seaport and worked his passage to England. After drifting about the country, and being thought mad in consequence of his attempts to make people understand him, he finally came to Rippleside and fell into the kindly hands of the Joslins.

The explosion of the gun partly restored his senses, but not enough to be of any consequence. The manner of his cure is mysterious and unaccountable. He was walking along the road about a week ago when to his great surprise and delight he heard the sound of horses' hoofs. At the same moment his speech returned to him. He speaks French, Italian, Spanish, and a very little German and English. When he first spoke after his fourteen long years of silence, French, Italian, and Spanish were inextricably mixed up, and even now his conversation is interspersed with Italian and English sentences.

He is overjoyed at his cure and is quite contented with his lot. He expresses his desire to stay with the Joslins and continue his work on the farm.

His case has created a great sensation throughout the district. Everybody is trying to teach him English, and he proves himself to be a very apt pupil.

York Baseball team, but deplore his ill luck. He has pitched good ball, but lost all but one of the games he engaged in. A "funny" reporter writes that after the Boston game, Taylor talked to himself most strenuously on his fingers, and any one could see that he was trying to relieve his feelings, by the vehemence and rapidity of his digital discourse.

RECENT legislation has placed the school for the deaf and the school for the blind, in Minnesota, upon the same plane as the University of Minnesota and Normal Schools. They were specified in the bill as purely educational institutions—which they are and always have been.

### NEW YORK INSTITUTION

The following report of the Inspecting Committee of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, will doubtless be of interest to all friends of the deaf:—

To the Board of Directors: Your Committee respectfully reports:—

That on May 6th, 1901, the grounds and buildings were visited and thoroughly inspected.

The place was full of freshness and beauty, the grounds clothed with verdure and the trees rejoicing in their new and invigorated lungs. The sun shed its brilliant light over the landscape and the glorious river murmured sweetly in its gentle course. There was no shadow save only that which the mind surveyed in the affliction of the pupils through the loss of two important senses. This shadow soon passed away, yielding to the joy and happiness which the pupils derived from the inspiring scene which nature spread before them, striving, as it were, by ministering so abundantly to their sense of sight, to make atonement for the cruel chastisement inflicted upon them by the loss of hearing and of speech.

Cleanliness everywhere prevailed, in the kitchens, bakery, store-rooms, lavatories, school and dining-rooms, dormitories and chapel, all were well ventilated and scrupulously neat.

The means for bathing are ample and the bath is so enjoyed that, as the committee was informed by the Principal, the only way to get the bathers out of the tank, was by turning the water off.

The atmosphere throughout the buildings was pure and free from odor. The only matters in the main building calling for adverse comment are the flooring in the basement hall and the flooring in the general store-room. While these floors offend the eye, there is no immediate necessity for their removal.

This may be considered at a later date.

In the school-rooms, one is constantly impressed with the loving kindness and zeal manifested by the teachers toward their disabled and disinherited pupils. They are quickened and inspired in their task by their sympathy for the unfortunate.

The printing office and carpenter shop, and everything in them, are in good order, and there are many objects to be seen which evince the skill and industry of those who learn therein. The Principal informed the Committee that every living printer, graduated from the Institution, is now actually employed in his pursuit in the outside world. This is a strong testimony to the skill and efficiency of these graduates of the Institution.

The flowers in the greenhouses have blossomed, and although now shorn of much of their beauty and fragrance, they are making great preparation in growth and strength for next winter's bloom.

It may not be known to all the trustees that the small boys are placed in the Mansion House, apart from the large boys. The reason for this separation is that the large boys are not kind to the small boys, and treat them harshly. On the other hand the little girls are placed with the large girls for the reason that the latter, already developing the motherly instinct, treat the little ones kindly. The result is that a little girl mingling with and learning from the large girls, as well as from the regular teachers, is in advance of the little boy of the same age as herself, who is separated from the large boys and learns almost solely from his regular teacher. The committee left the Institution deeply impressed with the feeling that the State, which entrusts the education of these disabled and disinherited ones, who are thereby prevented from availing themselves of the general system of instruction offered to others, to citizens who voluntarily assume the task, may justly feel proud that the trust confided to the Trustees of this Institution is so thoroughly and faithfully performed.

SAMUEL RIKER,  
AVERY T. BROWN.

May 8, 1901.

## CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### Literary Incidents of the Week.

### ROSSON JOINS A BALL TEAM.

### Base Ball And Other Notes.

From our Washington Correspondent.

A meeting of the "Lit" was one of the incidents of the week. It was a good meeting too, the chief interest being centered in the lecture on "The Moral Quality in Literature," by Prof. Draper, '72. The question of the debate was: "Should the Government own and operate the railroads and manufacturing?" The debaters were: Affirmative, Messrs. Marshall, '04, and Mayer, L. C.; Negative, Messrs. Hendricks, '04, and Phelps, L. C. The negative side won. The dialogue between Messrs. Steideman, '02, and McKern, L. C., was very interesting, as was also the declamation, "The Death of Antony," by Mr. Roberts, '04.

The next meeting will be taken up by the valedictory address of Mr. Runde, '01, and the response by Mr. Clarke, '02.

Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet made a two days pleasure trip to Roundhill, Va., to visit friends, during the week.

Fellow Read went to Baltimore, Saturday, where he preached on Sunday at the Eutaw Street Deaf-Mute Mission.

Dr. Ely's parents were visiting him for a few days during the week.

Lester G. Rosson, '02, who has been Gallaudet's main standby in the pitcher's box for the last four years, left Friday for New London, Conn., to join the team representing that city in the Connecticut State League. He received the offer through Manager Selee, of the Boston National League team. The salary offered is said to be \$125 per month. He carries with him the best wishes of all the students, who hope that he may be able to keep up his studies during the winter, and graduate with his class next year. We predict that it won't be long before the baseball world will be talking of Rosson as well as of Taylor and Hoy. Rosson is a good batter and fielder as well as pitcher. In fact he can play any position creditably. Here is his record so far this season:

Positions played—p. r. f. c. f. 1b., 2b. Games played—11. At bat—40. Hits—12. Batting average—.300. Put outs—13. Assists—25. Errors—4. Fielding average—.904.

Saturday the baseball team played the first of the two scheduled with Maryland Agricultural College. It was played at Kendall Green and was hotly contested throughout, M. A. C. winning by 7 to 3. Neither side scored till the fourth inning, when M. A. C. got two runs on a wild throw by Painter to first. Painter pitched the first seven innings and was then relieved by Neesam. Both did well, but M. A. C. had the best of it in the pitching line as well as in fielding and batting. Her infield made some remarkable plays. The score:

GALLAUDET.	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Meunier, 3b.,	4	0	0	1	3	0
Barham, 1b.,	4	0	1	4	1	0
Hunter, s.s.,	4	0	0	1	2	0
Andrew, c.,	4	1	1	4	0	0
Lawrence, r.f.,	4	1	1	0	0	0
Worley, c.f.,	4	1	0	1	0	0
Cowley, 2b.,	4	0	0	3	0	0
Cooley, 1b.,	4	0	0	13	0	0
Painter, p.,	2	0	1	0	2	1
Neesam, p.,	1	1	1	0	2	0
Totals,	35	3	6	27	10	1

M. A. C.	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Peters, 3b.,	5	0	0	2	0	1
Whitford, 3b.,	5	1	0	2	4	0
Farrar, r.f.,	3	1	1	0	0	0
Nichols, s.s.,	5	2	3	2	7	2
Thames, 1b.,	4	2	1	15	0	0
Harditz, c.f.,	5	0	1	0	0	0
Elgin, c.,	3	1	0	4	1	0
Gascaway, l.f.,	4	0	1	2	0	0
Brown, p.,	4	0	1	0	8	0
Totals,	36	7	8	27	15	3

Summary: Bases Stolen—Gallaudet, 6; M. A. C., 4. Two-base hit—Thirst. Three-base hit—Nichols. Bases on balls,—off Painter, 4; off Brown, 1. Struck out, by Painter, 2; by Brown, 4. Wild pitches—Painter, 1. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Carpenter.

The team played a game of six innings with the Eastern High School, Wednesday, and won, 17 to 4.

The game with the University of Virginia has been cancelled, and it is likely that the team will be disbanded by June 1st.

At the meet to be held under the auspices of Georgetown University, next Saturday, Gallaudet will be represented. The following are the entries:

100 yards dash—Foreman and Phelps.  
200 yards dash—Foreman.  
440 yards run—Mather.  
880 yards run—Northern and Leitch.  
One mile run—Leitch and Garrett.  
Throwing 16 lb. hammer—Mather.

The Y. M. C. A. meet, in which Gallaudet will also be represented, will also be held on the 25th. The entries are not yet completed.

The team was preparing to attend a meet in Baltimore, Saturday, but for some reason the affair was postponed. It will probably come off later on.

R. S. T.  
TROY, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Wormer will celebrate the fifth anniversary of their wedding, this Saturday. A number of their friends have been invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gilboe will also observe the day of May 24th, their tin wedding.

In all probability Henry S. DeCelle will this month go to Buffalo, where he has an offer of work which, if he accepts it, will last him six months in Queen City.

A certain young deaf man (name omitted here to please him) met with a sad accident while learning how to steer a colt—riding a wheel. He collided with a wagon drawn by a horse. After only two or three weeks' practice, he thought he was doing as well as anyone. So the kid ventured out in the almost crowded street, hence the result. Prior to the accident he had a pipe, after it, the cup was gone leaving the stem, the end of which struck against the roof of his mouth.

Solomon H. Winne was in town again peddling, a friend accompanied him then.

James H. Manning lost quite a good sum of money. He absently-mindedly put it in his overcoat pocket, which has a hole, made so by design, so that pants pockets could be reached without having to unbutton the overcoat.

Hermann, the magician, struck town Friday and Saturday. A number of the deaf were at the theatre. "The closer you look, the less you see," said the magician smilingly.

The Gilboe Brothers contemplate making a spin to Dunsbach Ferry, to favor Mr. and Mrs. William G. Shanks with a complimentary call some fine Sunday.

Miss Rosa Getty, of Troy, would like to hear from her old chum, Miss Lizzie Malloy.

Mrs. Connerton, who visited Miss Joyce and other friends recently, reported having a good time. In the company of Miss Hopping, and also Miss Talley, she was shown around the Schools at Westchester, Fordham, Brooklyn, the Sixty-seventh Street, and other places. Miss Purtell, who takes charge of the pupils at Westchester, treated the visitors kindly, showing them everything of interest.

It is said Wilson Carmichael is still at his work, and is doing well. Only he is not seen among the deaf as he used to be, hence an erroneous report.

Troy State League Club in third place. Hope it will win the pennant race in a walk. Kihm, if he keeps on and does better, will help it greatly. To the Champion (Rome) we say "Get thee behind."

Taylor wins one out of five games up to date. That is better than nothing, but he will do much better later. Practice makes perfect, you know.

Going to Buffalo this summer? A large number of the deaf are going, especially when the Deaf-Mutes' Convention is held in July.

C.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

RECEPTION TO MR. AND MRS. CHAS. KERNEY.

An interesting and pleasing reception was given on Thursday evening, May 2d, in the parish hall of the St. Paul's Pro Cathedral on Olive Street, Los Angeles, Cal., by the Ladies of the Los Angeles Association of the Deaf to Mrs. Chas. Kerney, from Illinois, who have been spending the winter in the city with her father and family, No. 610 North Hill Street. She has won the respect of the deaf by her kindness of heart toward them in many ways during her stay here. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens by Mrs. A. M. Andrews, Mrs. N. V. Lewis, Mrs. Dahl and others, who also provided light refreshments. About fifty deaf-mutes and a few hearing friends, who are interested in their welfare, were present. Mr. T. Widd delivered an address of welcome in the sign language, and dwelt on the importance of Christian kindness to all, and expressed the hope that Mr. and Mrs. Kerney would use their great talents, education and high social position, to the benefit of the deaf, wherever they might be located, and carry away with them the good wishes of all the deaf of Los Angeles. Others also spoke of their pleasure from Mrs. Kerney's visit. Mrs. C. L. Buchan, and Mrs. A. M. Andrews, gave in graceful signs the hymn "Till We Meet Again," and the proceedings closed with light refreshments.

Pigeons were employed in early Egyptian days, navigators taking them on their galleys and liberating them when they arrived at their destination, in order to announce their safe arrival to their friends or employers. The Romans utilized them in communicating with each other in war time, just as was done during the late siege of Paris, and very notably in the terrible siege of Leyden in 1574.—*Exc.*

### The Uneducated Deaf.

Those on whom devolve the duty and responsibility of providing for the education of the deaf sometimes neglect to do so in a sufficiently comprehensive degree; but if those in authority but fully realized the vast difference in the status of an uneducated deaf person as compared with that of an uneducated hearing person, they would be more prompt and liberal in supplying adequate educational facilities for the former. An uneducated hearing man, if of average natural intelligence, readily acquires a very considerable vocabulary, he easily, and without any effort on his part, or any special instruction on the part of others, learns the names and characteristics of every kind of object that comes within his observation, is able to express his thoughts freely and intelligibly, and by means of converse with others he has a pretty thorough knowledge of all matters that pertain to his own immediate interests; and though he may not be able to read a word, he can, through others, ascertain in a general way what is transpiring throughout the world, and can hold constant and intelligent converse with his friends and others with whom he may come into contact. He can take part in the various activities of life, can discharge in a creditable manner all the duties and responsibilities devolving upon him, and may even rise to positions of trust and honor, and despite his limitation may thoroughly enjoy life in nearly all its phases. His moral nature, also, may be fully developed, his religious convictions may be deep, sincere and accurate, and performing his duty to God and to man.

How vastly different from this is the condition and the lot of an uneducated deaf man. With but few exceptions he lives in a state of blank, impenetrable ignorance, and awful isolation. His want of knowledge is not merely comparative but practically absolute. He does not know the names of the commonest objects of every day use, and his knowledge of what goes on round about him is limited to what he actually sees with his own eyes, since he cannot receive ideas or information from others nor convey ideas or wishes to them, except his commonest wants which he may express in pantomime. Unable to hold converse with others because of his entire lack of language, he lives a life of loneliness quite inconceivable to hearing people. Of the general events transpiring throughout the world he must remain in absolute ignorance, since he cannot read and possesses no language by which he can communicate with his friends. The whole of Europe might be deluged with blood, or half of the inhabitants of the earth destroyed by pestilence or earthquake or famine, and he would know nothing of it, for there is no way in which any ideas foreign to his own experience can be conveyed to him. And while he may not be immortal in practice, he is to a large extent quite immortal, since he can have but a very limited apprehension of the concept of right and wrong; and he can know nothing of the existence of a God or of a hereafter, nor even that he has a soul, nothing of religious thought or sentiment, except such faint intuitive ideas on such matters as may be inherent in mankind. To him life is an unsolvable enigma, and death a dread and fathomless mystery. And so he lives his blank, joyless existence, never hearing the sweet sounds of human speech, never knowing the delight of the communion of friend with friend, never feeling within him the pulsations of an awakening and developing intelligence, never realizing the comfort of consonant human sympathy nor the consolations afforded by religion; and at the end he passes through the gates of death with no conception of what it means, and no hope or knowledge of aught beyond.

An existence such as this is terrible, incoherent, sad and pathetic beyond description or even conception; yet to such an existence is condemned every deaf-mute for the education of whom adequate facilities are not provided. It is to be hoped that no longer, either in this land or any other, the opportunity will be denied every deaf-mute of acquiring that golden strand of language, which, though so easily and inexpensively secured, will serve as the clue that will guide its possessor out of this labyrinth of mental ignorance, moral blackness and religious stagnation, and open up to him all the bounteous store of the wisdom of this world and the assurance of the joys of the world that is to come.—*Canadian Mute.*

### A Mathematical Prodigy.

The claim is now made that Arthur Griffith, the Indiana mathematical prodigy, excels in his work Buxton, the Englishman. Griffith now has 8 different methods of his own for addition, 10 for division and 64 for multiplication, says a Richmond (Ind.) dispatch to the New York Times. He can take any number, it is said, between 970 and 1,000 and raise it to the fifth power in 39 seconds without the use of either pencil or paper.

Griffith can add mentally three columns at a time, it is asserted,

divide any set of figures or multiply any set of figures in from one to 40 seconds and extract square and cube roots in from 3 to 15 seconds. He remembers every problem that he works. The hardest test which he has yet been given, so he claims, is to stand and see a freight train pass with 20 or 30 cars and then tell the number of each car in their order specify to what road each belonged.

Besides being a wonder in mathematics, Griffith is fairly well educated in the common school studies. He can read, write and spell and can carry on an intelligent and interesting conversation. He knows the name and length of every railroad in the country, and besides being about 40 per cent ahead of Buxton in the line of mathematics, he is at least 30 per cent ahead of him in other studies.

### Curious But Important Discovery.

The survival of two mice for several days in a closed glass tube in the laboratory of two French chemists, Drs. Degrez and Balthazard, recently caused great surprise, and led to investigation. There was nothing to explain why they had not died of asphyxiation, but the presence of a small block of bioxide of sodium which had been left in the tube. Tests were then made with rabbits and dogs. They were shut up in hermetically-sealed glass receptacles containing bioxide of sodium and only air enough for prolonging life a few moments. On opening these, after a lapse of five hours, the animals were breathing regularly and placidly. Then divers' helmets were constructed with a lining of sodium of bioxide, with the remarkable result that the divers could stay below water for an indefinite period.

The chemical reason for this seeming mystery is simple. Sodium bioxide has a strong affinity for carbon. Whenever carbonic acid gas is present, it combines at once with the carbon; at the same time it sets free a proportionate quantity of pure oxygen. It is predicted that this discovery will be of great value, not only in submarine work, but in ordinary home life. Windows need not be opened in winter if this regenerating substance is kept in our rooms—which means less cost for heat, and less danger of taking cold. The air in hospitals, churches, factories and schools, can be kept pure. Mining operations can be more safely conducted.—*Exc.*

### A KINDLY SAYING.

One of the greatest of the kings of France, Henry the fourth, the hero of Ivry, had a saying which was truly royal in its spirit, and which he carried out in his own intercourse with men. "The best way to get rid of an enemy is to make a friend out of him," was his wise motto. Many a bitter enemy did the young Henry of Navarre have against him in the beginning of his fortunes. But as he got rid of one after another by this process he became by degrees the best loved man in the kingdom, and never did a French king die more sincerely mourned by both nobles and people. So it was not only a high saying, but also an extremely practical one.

It implied, of course, a royal nature. Only a magnanimous soul can see in a present enemy a possible friend of the future.

"Treat your enemies as if they were some day to be your friends," is a maxim which mere selfish policy can never carry out successfully. A bitter, narrow heart, can never win love from an enemy. Unselfishness, forgiveness, frank recognition of an opponent's good qualities, sincerity and fair play even in a time of conflict—these are what we must strive for if we would transform enmity into fellowship. These high qualities we must gain if we would carry out the kindly motto of Henry of Navarre; and so, even if we fail to make friends out of some of our obstinate enemies, we shall, at any rate, have made better men and women out of ourselves in the effort.—*The Wellspring.*

An insurmountable obstacle to the making of old newspapers into a good quality of paper was the fact that printers' ink, with its resin and its heavy linseed oil, could not be got rid of by any known process. Paper was made of old newspapers, but it was poor in appearance, poor in quality and always betrayed its origin. So old newspapers became in a certain sense mere waste until about six years ago, when a young man named McEwen from over in New Jersey, ciphered out the fact that the resin and ink and paper fiber together when subjected to a very high temperature, would be just the thing for using for box-board paper. Mr. McEwen had no capital, and he had difficulty in interesting people who had, but he succeeded at last, and now he is a millionaire. He himself ships from his mills 5,000 tons of box-board paper—"news board," as it is called from its newspaper origin — to England alone in the course of very year.—*New York Sun.*

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Death Elmer E. Brooks.

### THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

### Many Attended the Funeral.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1338 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

About four miles from the city of York, at precisely seven o'clock on the morning of May 9th, 1901, Elmer E. Brooks breathed his last.

Elmer Elsworth Brooks was born on March 15th, 1874, and he was therefore a little over twenty-seven years of age at his death. He was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Philadelphia, and learned the trade of printing there also. Upon leaving school, he pursued his trade with promising success. In time, however, he found it difficult to get steady employment at his trade in York, where he preferred to live in order to be near his parents who also desired it so. He learned to operate a machine in a large match factory, and was doing nicely until the Match Trust deprived him and many others of the means of a livelihood. With the influence and assistance of a prominent citizen of York, Captain Schroeder, he next obtained a position as shipping clerk in a big establishment of the York Card and Paper Company. This concern was gobbled up by the Wall Paper Trust, but, in a couple of years, business was resumed and has continued so ever since. Mr. Brooks worked longest for this Company, though not steadily, and the opinion of those who seem to know, is that he hurt his health there by over-exertion which weakened his kidneys and made him an easy victim of Bright's Disease.

About six months ago, after frequent complaints of light ill spells, his ailment was diagnosed as that of the dreaded disease. He ceased work and all that was possible was done for him, so that he apparently recovered at about Easter. Then he felt so good that he attended Dr. Wood's Church for Communion, which proved to be his last; for a couple of days later he had a sudden relapse that seemed to grow more severe with each new day. His sufferings were too great to be told here. They continued so until death brought him relief and grief to his friends.

At his request his parents telegraphed for his sister, Mrs. J. S. Reider, and she hastened to his bedside, which seemed to please him very much, but the end came within two days of her arrival.

His funeral took place on the following Thursday morning (May 9th) at ten o'clock, the Rev. Adam Stump, of York, officiating. After a short service at the house, the remains were conveyed to Salem Reformed Lutheran Church in New Paradise, which was filled with friends of the deceased. There was singing by a choir and a funeral sermon by the Rev. Mr. Stump, whose text was 2 Cor. 5: 10. In the course of his remarks Mr. Stump said he regretted that there was no one to interpret his words to the deaf mourners present, there being twelve of them.

Services concluded, the remains were exposed to view, and it was near one o'clock when they were interred in the cemetery surrounding the church. The funeral party returned to the Brooks farm where a fine luncheon was spread.

The pall-bearers were four intimate deaf friends of the deceased: Messrs. William S. Hain, Michael Weisman, Isaac Oleweiler, and Michael D. Barritz. Besides Mr. and Mrs. James S. Reider, of Philadelphia, the other deaf present were Miss Elizabeth Heiligh, who was engaged to Mr. Brooks, to be married, Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner, Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Robert, and Miss Flora Batterman.

The floral offerings were pretty and numerous. The employees of the York Card and Paper Company, on hearing of Mr. Brooks' death, sent a huge piece, representing a harp on a base; the deaf of York sent a floral heart with this message:—In loving remembrance by his Mute Friends of York—"We Miss Thee." One pillow bore the inscription "Our Brother," and Miss Heiligh and several others contributed beautiful wreaths and bouquets.

It is not for the writer of this to speak of the good which the deceased was known for in life, owing to the relationship he bears, but it may be proper for him to say that he knew Elmer to have been a most dutiful son. In this the Rev. J. M. Koehler seems to corroborate him, when he writes thus:—"I was fond of Elmer. He was always so faithful in attendance at church services, and was continually planning for better things. I lament his early death."



## OHIO.

### Strange Recovery of Hearing.

### THE HOME BARN COMPLETED.

### OUR BOYS WIN AT BASE BALL.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greene, 968 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Press-Post the other evening had the following interesting case:

Dr. Franklin Pierce Gillaspay, a United States prisoner, serving three years from Indianapolis for counterfeiting, who for more than three months has been suffering from a stroke of paralysis, unable to utter a word and almost totally deaf, recovered his speech and hearing in a most marvelous manner Sunday night.

He suffered another slight stroke last night and today he is able to converse, his hearing being without a flaw and with only an occasional catch in his speech. The physicians and Dr. Gillaspay are greatly astonished at the recovery, but they think it is due to clots of blood breaking with the second stroke.

The first stroke paralyzed the doctor's entire left side, but he recovered almost the entire use of his body during the months he was confined and took on considerable flesh, so that he had the appearance of a very healthy patient, except that he could neither speak nor hear. For several weeks of the time his wife was at his bedside, but when he was able to be about she left for her home.

Dr. Gillaspay talked in a very fluent manner with the guard and representative of the Press-Post. He said that during his illness he had a continual pain in his head. His family, he said, is subject to the trouble. Dr. Gillaspay was received at the penitentiary December 2, 1899.

The new barn at the Home was completed last week as predicted, and on Saturday last Messrs. J. W. Jones, Robert Patterson, R. P. McGregor, A. H. Schory and Wm. Zorn, of the Board of Managers, went up to inspect the structure and pronounce judgment on it. They found nothing to condemn, but on the other hand were more than pleased with the work of the builder, Mr. Charles F. Osburn. He has put up a building that will reflect credit to his skill.

Here is a brief description of the building. Length 44 feet, width 36 feet, height to beam 12 feet, to center of roof 32 feet. It faces north and south; the main entrance being from the latter. The new floors are nine feet from the ground. In the east end are five stalls for horses, and a harness room. The middle passage is twelve feet wide with a flooring of oak planks two inches thick. This has sliding doors at each end.

The north half of the west end has three cow stalls and a feed room; the other half is set apart for a carriage shed. There are two double chutes from the hay mow to the horse stalls. Each stall has a manger eight inches deep besides a feed box, all of heavy oak.

There are three windows at each end of the building and one on the north side of the cow stalls. For ventilation, a cupola and a lattice window on the east and west sides, do the work. The roof is of slate with galvanized eaves and conductors. The frame work is of oak and beech, rafters only being of the latter wood, the sidings and doors are of white pine.

The total cost was \$632.47. The heaviest outlay being for lumber \$327.17, next came slate \$104.60. The amount expended for labor thereon was less than \$100. Other items swelled the cost up to the above amount.

Arrangements are in progress for a celebration of the completion of the barn, and May 30th, has been fixed upon as the date. A committee consisting of Messrs. Zorn and Fred. Schwartz have the matter in hand and will make announcements later.

The Independents came home Saturday evening from Westerville, with smiles a yard wide. They had met the enemy, so to speak, and conquered—in other words had beaten the Otterbin University Club by the score of 15 to 13. But at the beginning of the game matters did not at all look rosy for the Independents, for the first inning four runs were piled up against them, and this was increased by three more in the 3d. They had to fight for every inch of ground, and not till their half of the 9th inning did victory perch on their banner. Quite a number of institution folks went up to lend encouragement to the boys.

Ohio has now a chapter of the Gallaudet Alumni Association in this city, and we believe this is the record of its kind in the union. The organization was effected Thursday afternoon, by the Gallaudet boys in this city. The officers are: President, Mr. Robert Patterson, class of '70; Secretary, Mr. C. W. Charles, '86; Treasurer, Mr. H. H. Schory, '82.

O. C. Whitehead, a former pupil, and S. Carlin, who was taught in the West Virginia School, were here Sunday, also Mr. Ezra Hedges came up Saturday, to attend the Westerville game. He remained over Sunday, the guest of Mr. Ezra Ernest Zeil.

Mrs. John Leib and Miss Lizzie

Hewitt were in Cincinnati Sunday, the guest of Miss Herzog, and report having had an enjoyable time.

Mr. Odebrecht was showing a Japanese visitors through the institution yesterday, who seemed very much interested in the work of the classes.

Mrs. A. H. Schory accompanied Mr. Schory's mother home last Saturday, and will likely remain with her for some days yet.

Mr. James Maddox, who has been in one of the hospitals of this city, undergoing treatment for rheumatism, was a caller at the Institution, Tuesday morning. He stated to us that he was now perfectly well and would go to his home soon.

Mrs. Pauline Monnin Hunter, sister of Mr. Alfred Monnin, of Canton, Ohio, died on the 28th ult., at her home in Delroy, of dropsy. She was a graduate of the Institution here, entering in 1855. A husband, a daughter and a son, remain to mourn a devoted wife and loving mother. She was a true and sincere Christian, having been a member of the Methodist Church.

Miss Emiline Martin has come to Columbus, to work in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neutzing. Notices of intention to attend the reunion are already being received by the committee having the affair in charge, and the rate they are coming in bespeaks a large attendance.

An old landmark opposite the Institution, on Town Street, is being levelled to the ground. It is the old homestead of Mr. Willard, a former teacher here and founder of the Indiana Institution. A fine new building is to take its place.

A. B. G.

## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Archie Baxter is again at the "case," in a Union office.

The Festival and Games of the Deaf-Mute Athletic Club will be held at Maspeth Park, on August 24th.

The "Silent Five" basketball team is booked to play in Atlantic City, N. J., from the 15th to the 21st of June.

Mr. Julius Buhl, father of Adolph Buhl, is seriously sick with kidney trouble, and there is only a slight chance for his improvement.

A cousin of Mr. and Mrs. Eichler went to England a couple of weeks ago, to stay all summer. Her parents will join her in July.

The Silent Wheelmen are preparing a schedule of "runs" that will comprise the summer and fall seasons. Several members will be in each run.

Herman Heerd is rejoicing over the fact that the Amity Association, of which he is a member, has just taken possession of its new club house.

Robert McVea has suffered bereavement lately. On May 2d, his sister died, of consumption, and ten days later a favorite nephew was carried off by diphtheria.

Charley Sanford, of the Deaf Mute Athletic Club, won in a wrestling match last Saturday, his opponent representing an athletic organization of the "City of Churches."

Mrs. Peter Witschief, of Port Jervis, N. Y., is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. S. Bennett, at 15 Manhattan Avenue, New York City. She will spend a couple of weeks in the city.

The baseball team of the New York Deaf Mute Athletic Club will open the season on June 2d. The place will be Travers Island, and their opponents the team of the New York Athletic Club.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

MAY 19TH—SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.  
Trinity Church, Newark. Holy Communion.  
St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.

On Tuesday, May 21st, at 8 P.M., in the Guild-Room of St. Ann's Church, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will give a report of his recent visit to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and some reminiscences of his life.

### Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

MAY.  
19—10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy.  
19—3:00 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady.  
19—7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Herkimer.  
20—10:30 A.M., Trinity Church, Utica.  
20—3:00 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.  
20—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's Syracuse.  
27—7:30 P.M., Trinity, Watertown.  
28—7:30 P.M., St. Mark's, Malone.

Additional services on week days between the above appointments will be announced from time to time.

## CHICAGO.

### The Club Holds a House-Warming.

### REGGIE CELEBRATES HIS NATAL DAY.

### A Newsy Budget from the Windy City.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held a grand opening "housewarming" at its new headquarters Saturday evening that was the first event of the kind given for a long time since. It was largely attended by its members and friends—nearly 115 being present. The affair was in charge of Mr. Henry Rutherford, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, who was assisted by Messrs. Hart and Dougherty. The room was very tastefully decorated with tissue paper. Several short speeches were made by Messrs. Rutherford, Dougherty, Hasenstab and Mrs. E. N. Bowes. At the conclusion of speech-making, ice cream and cake were served, and the remainder of the evening spent in a social way. A few games were also given. Everybody was very happy. The club is in a flourishing condition, and about ten new members will knock at the door for admission at the next regular meeting. I can safely say that the outlook for the year before us is most bright.

May 9th was a cloudy, gloomy and damp day, but Mr. Oscar Regensburg was the only one in the whole lot who was as happy as a school girl. It is an open secret that ladies know how many times he jumped rope that day. Mr. Regensburg gave a "Bachelor" party to his friends at his home. The pleasant occasion was in honor of his birthday. Those invited were Fredo and Gussie Hyman, Heymanson, Gibson, Hart, Dougherty, Sonneborn, Liebenstein, Kleinhaus and Colby. The latter two were not present, on account of engagement. The boys adjourned with a hearty wish for many more happy birthdays for Mr. Regensburg. The joyfulness of motherhood was suddenly changed to sorrow. The wife of Mr. Augusta Raffington died of pneumonia on May 10th. Services were held at 2 o'clock Sunday at his home of Mrs. Raffington, widow of the late Thomas Raffington, 572 N. Clark Street.

Mrs. Nellie P. Buchan has decided to stay in California for good. Miss Vina Smith is taking a short rest after graduating at the Chicago Training School as deaconess. She wears the "White Tie" now.

The prospects are improving very fast since President McKinley was re-elected, and the trusts are formed together and getting rich. And our friend, Mr. George T. Dougherty, who voted against McKinley and trusts, has joined the "ring" and he could not help resisting the temptation of "gold." Mr. Dougherty contemplates going to build a brick double two-story residence on his lot in East St. Louis, Illinois, this year. It might be known as "Dougherty Flats"—it will have four flats. Rent will be payable in gold, instead of free silver.

A Social will be held in Trinity Parish House, corner of Michigan Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, on Saturday evening, May 26th. The Rev. A. W. Mann cordially invites you and friends to have a very delightful evening. Do not forget it. Followed by religious services in the chapel on Sunday at 11 A.M., and 3 P.M., May 26th. Holy Communion will be served in the morning.

In the editorial column of the JOURNAL, in the last issue, as to the fake cures for deafness, I have a sure cure for deafness that never fails. This is no humbug. The price is only 25 cents. Do not send it by mail, but come to Chicago yourself in person, and also the money must be paid in advance before entering the picnic ground of Pas-a-Pas club on June 29th. Come and see if it is so.

I clipped from the Chicago Sun of a recent date:

Edison, who is quite deaf, was recently visited by an ear specialist, who offered to cure him. "What," exclaimed the wizard of electricity, "and give up a great advantage I have over you fellows? Why, I need my deafness in my business. No matter how much noise may be in my neighborhood, it does not annoy me or distract my attention from work. Cure my deafness? Not much—at least not until I am too old to work."

The White Stockings is still in the lead, and no doubt will keep on till the closing of the season. The team took away three straight games from Cleveland last week, and in the last game Hoy's fielding and batting were the feature of the game. Three of his four chances were of the hardest kind, and he accepted them in a clever manner. He also scored two runs and reached first base four times.

Mr. A. H. Benson came here from St. Joseph, Mo., recently, and secured a position as cigarmaker. He is a good poet.

Rev. Hasenstab left Monday morning for Evansville, Ind., with

his daughter, where he held service Monday evening, and next day he visited his mother in New Albany, Ind. He will be in South Bend, La Porte and Michigan City, this week, before returning to Chicago Saturday evening. He will travel again in Northern Illinois next week.

The new literary society, comprising Gano and its vicinity, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kolhoff, 8921 Huston Avenue, South Chicago, Saturday evening. President Mrs. Grout was in the chair. Mrs. John Schorr, chairman of the entertainment committee, gave a report, saying the May party at the M. E. church May 18th, had to be postponed to June 22d, as the hall had been engaged, and instead of it a lawn festival will be held at the residence of Mrs. C. Boyle, 11827 Wallace street, West Pullman, from 2 to 10 P.M. The admission will be 25 cents for adults, and 10 cents for children. Refreshments and ice-cream and coffee will be served. The proceeds are for the benefit of the M. E. missions for the deaf. Everybody is invited to attend to help swell the fund. A debate, "should a man marry after building a house," was discussed by Mr. W. D. Edwards and Mrs. Samuel Norris, for the affirmative, and Mrs. C. Boyle and F. Holton, for the negative side. Mr. Frank Martin and Mesdames J. Kolhoff and McCarthy, were judges, and voted in favor of the negative side by two points. The guests were treated to lemonade before departing for their respective homes.

CHICAGO.

### SHAMOKIN, PA.

We regret to report the death of James Herb, which occurred Thursday, May 2d. Deceased was a very promising youth, having not yet reached his twentieth year, but was industrious and intelligent.

Some eighteen months ago he was compelled to give up his studies at Mt. Airy, owing to sickness which later developed into diabetes and dropsy. Being of a Christian disposition and free from many of the follies and sins of youth, he did not fear death, but rather welcomed it as a relief to his sufferings.

He was buried the following Sunday at Leib P. O., Schuylkill Co., near the place where he was born. The pall bearers were George Harper, Jacob Orloski, Samuel Haas, of Shamokin, and William Hummel, John Zimmerman, and a hearing man of Milton and Pitman respectively.

There has been a regular exodus among the deaf of our town for two years past. Jane Swift started the go by casting her fortunes with Norman D. Epler, of Oval, Lycoming Co., where the pair have since resided; Katie Bonskowi was the next to go; John Myers, of Lancaster, being the lucky one to win her; while last March Adeline McKechney started her friends by becoming Mrs. James Peifer, of Harrisburg, while on a visit to that city, without so much as breathing a word about her intentions. Some prejudicial persons were inclined to cast aspersions on her for marrying clandestinely, as they termed it, but her attachment for the young man had been an open secret for a long time past; and although her parents had favored another man, they were not grieved over the step she had taken. The chief objection to the young lady getting married at all, was the fact that her mother for years past, has been an almost helpless invalid, and the removal of her only daughter from the house caused her no end of inconvenience.

John Davies is now located at Bay City, Michigan, and John White at Johnston, Pa., while Jacob Orloski will in a few days move to Trevortown. He has about fully recovered his hearing, after having been deaf and dumb for over thirty years, but his speech is not developing so fast as his powers to hear.

John Sorg, of Lewisburg, has been doing the town for a couple of weeks past, peddling toilet soap. He reports sales very brisk, despite the fact that he charges double price for his article, forgetting or aware that most people buy from him through sympathy. Like so many of his ilk, he shows a card with: "I am a deaf-mute out of employment and sell this article for a living, etc."

The aged father of Lizzie Hoffa died recently. For many years he was a railroad engineer, and was much respected by the deaf of town for the interest he always took in them.

The annual picnic of the deaf of Northumberland and adjoining counties will be held on Sunday, August 3d.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Dunreath Castle recalls the facts that in the time of Charles I. the heir to that estate was a congenital deaf-mute. At that time the deaf and dumb were considered incapable of being educated, and were denied almost all civil rights, and consequently he was disinherited in favor of his younger brother. He lived to a good old age and, according to the superstition of the time, was considered to be gifted with the power of second sight. One of the towers of the castle is still known as the "Dumb Laird's tower."—*British Deaf Monthly.*

Charles Kerney, writing from San Francisco says:—"San Francisco is a great place. Here automobiles are as common as wheelbarrows, war ships as common as skills, and Chinese as numerous as flies."

## FANWOOD D.

### Last Literary Meeting of the Year.

### STRIVING FOR THE MEDALS.

### A New Organization.

The last meeting for the Academic year of the Fanwood Literary Association was held last Saturday. It was given by the Senior and Junior Academic classes, who did their parts very well, making the meeting one of the best of the year. Below is the programme for that night.

DEBATE.—"Resolved, That women who own property should be permitted to vote on questions relating to Municipal taxes." Affirmative, Edward Elsworth, Alfred Stern and William Renner. Negative, Robert Anderson, Anthony Reiff and Harry Powell.

READING.—"The Boyhood of Nathan Hale," by James McBride.

ADDRESSES.—Misses Gertrude Turner, Lydia Smith, Alice Judge and Sarah Elsworth.

FINAL WORDS.—The President.

The debate was hotly contested, and lasted about three-quarters of an hour. The debaters were allowed five minutes on the platform the first time, and three minutes the second time, to the two leaders only of each side. The judges were Misses Alice Judge and Louise Turner, and Prof. W. G. Jones. Mr. Jones announced the verdict to be 20 to 6 in favor of the Affirmative side. James McBride then delivered his reading of "The Boyhood of Nathan Hale," which was quite interesting. The High Class graduates of this year are Misses Gertrude Turner, Alice Judge, Lydia Smith and Sarah Elsworth. Each of them, with the exception of the last named, came upon the platform and delivered their farewell addresses before the Association. A hearty applause was given each at the conclusion of each address. The President, Mr. Fox, then took the platform. He gave an account of the work done by the Association for the past year, which has been very satisfactory. He gave an example by saying that during the early years of the Association, the pupils loved to get up some excuse so they did not have to speak before it. The day of such is past. Now the pupils all want to come up and are always happy when they are chosen. After wishing it all the success in the future, he adjourned the meeting, and then ended the thirty-sixth successful year of the Fanwood Literary Association.

Dress parade review was performed by the battalion of cadets last Sunday after chapel. The Annual Review and Inspection will be held next Tuesday, the 21st. The Archibald Russell medals will be awarded to the best cadets of each company. Brigadier-General George Moore Smith will be the judge. He will not find it an easy task, as the cadets do very well, and needless to say, each will do his very best in striving to win one of the medals.

Mr. Robert McVea was a visitor here Saturday afternoon.

The baseball team secured a game with Pratt Institute, to be played Saturday morning in Prospect Park. It rained all night, but the sun shone brightly that morning. The team packed up, and was all ready to go by the time scheduled. They waited about an hour more, when word came that the grounds were very wet, so the game could not be played. They were very much disappointed. This is the third game to be prevented by rain.

Cadet Paul Berg was a visitor to the Brooklyn Navy Yard Saturday afternoon.

The pupils may now be seen bending studiously over the lessons. The annual examinations will take during the week beginning May 20th.

The Proteus Boat Club took its first trip across the river last Saturday. The members went in search of a suitable place to hold their picnic, and they report of several fine ones there.

Mr. Jones gave his last story before the pupils last Sunday. So interested and accustomed have the pupils become in these stories every Sunday night, that they were disappointed not to go in the chapel last Sunday night.

The latest organization formed at Fanwood was organized last week. Its name is the "United Order of Ice-Cream Brotherhood." The officers are as follows: Grand Freezer, Alfred Stern; Vice-Taster, Harry Powell; Second Mixer, Barnett; Zwoffe; Head Waiter, James Seelig; Grand Eater, William Renner. The number of members amounts to those named, and it is hoped that no more will be united. Meetings are held every time the Eaters or anybody else's appetite feels that one is needed.

## EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Twenty-second Convention of the Association will meet in Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday and Thursday, July 10th to 12th, 1901.

### BUSINESS PROGRAM.

Wednesday Morning, July 10th, at 10 o'clock.

Prayer.  
Address of the President, Thomas Francis Fox.  
Report of Officers.  
Report of Standing Committee.  
Report of Local Committee.  
Miscellaneous Business.  
Recess.

Wednesday Afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Prayer.  
Reading of Communications.  
Report of Committee on Enrollment.  
Appointment of Committees.  
Paper (Subject to be announced.)  
Discussion.  
Paper (Subject to be announced.)  
Recess.

Wednesday Evening, at 8 o'clock.

Religious Services at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Thursday Morning, July 11th, at 10 o'clock.

Prayer.  
Address.  
Communications.  
New Business.  
Report of Committee on Resolutions.  
Report of Committee on Nominations.  
Election of Officers.  
Unfinished Business.  
Adjournment.

Thursday Evening, at 8 o'clock.

Reception to the Visiting deaf, by the Buffalo deaf-mutes, at Hotel Columbia. Cards of invitation to this reception will be furnished by the Local Committee at the Convention.

Friday, July 12th, 1901

## EXCURSION TO NIAGARA FALLS.

The headquarters of the Association will be at the Hotel Columbia, on Seneca Street, near Wells Street. This hotel is entirely remodelled, and newly furnished, especially for Exposition purposes, and is a large eight-story brick hotel, and is fire-proof. Rates for rooms are \$1.00 to each person, two in a room. Meals can be had in the Hotel restaurant, or in any one of the numerous restaurants, which are near the hotel. In order to secure rooms, it will be necessary to send a deposit of \$2.00 to be sure that rooms are engaged. Send your address to Mr. S. D. Weil, of the Local Committee, 321 W. Utica Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and a circular of information about this Hotel and blanks for engaging rooms will be sent you.

Other particulars will be announced later. Inquiries in regard to any matters connected with the Convention, except the business program, as well as the Exposition, may be addressed to either Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason Street, Rochester, N. Y., or Mr. Weil, as above.

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, President.

ALEXANDER L. PACU, Secretary.

## Second Annual

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[Programme Later.]

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Particulars later.

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In the Guild Rooms of

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On Wednesday, May 29

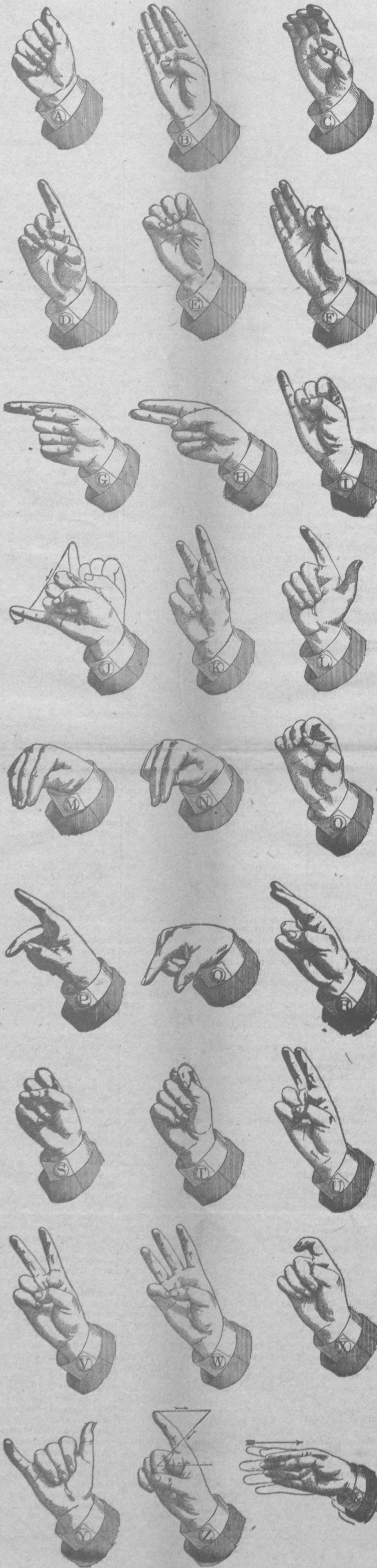
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